

miles to the Lincoln coast, enter the waves,
 and so return;
 and secret troubles, like the melancholia
 which attacked
 his wife at intervals from 1796 till her death
 in 1813.
 There is something very pitiful in the words
 written by
 him on one of her old letters: 'Nothing can
 be more
 sincere than this, nothing more reasonable
 and affection-
 ate; and yet happiness was denied.' Yet a
 truer epitaph
 on his long love-story lies, perhaps, in those
 other lines he
 wrote on the paper wrapping of his dead
 wife's wedding-
 ring; clumsy, yet moving in their sincerity:

The ring so worn, as you behold,
 So thin, so pale, is yet of gold;
 The passion such it was to prove—
 Worn with life's care, love yet was love.

Had Crabbe died at fifty, he would be today
 as obscure
 a figure as Tickell or Parnell. *Inebriety*, *The
 Candidate*,
The Library, *The Newspaper*, and even *The
 Village* would
 scarcely have kept his memory alive. But in
 1807 this
 poet of a past age suddenly presented
 himself before the
 new generation with a volume of poems
 containing,
 besides his previous work, *The Parish
 Register* and *Sir
 Eustace Grey*. Success encouraged him; *The
 Borough* fol-
 lowed in 1812, *Tales of the
 Hall* in 1819.
 With surprising ease and swiftness this old
 man, who had
 been born under George II, established his
 position as a
 leading poet in the world of Napoleon and
 Wellington,
 Scott and Byron. He made the acquaintance
 of Scott,
 Campbell, Rogers, Bowles, Moore, and
 Wordsworth;

he had become rector of comfortable
Trowbridge, with
his grandchildren growing up round him;
and yet all
was not well. He suffered from being too
old, or else
not old enough. The lover, long ago, of Sarah
Elmy still
felt women's charm; he seemed terribly
alone in the
bustling streets of his prosperous parish. 1
cannot bear